

THE VOLETTE

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE JUNIOR COLLEGE

VOLUME XV.

MARTIN, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1941

NUMBER 3

Dr. Bryant To Kansas College

Dr. Carroll W. Bryant, professor of physics at the University of Tennessee Junior College, has accepted a position at the Municipal University of Wichita, Kan., as full professor of physics in that institution, and head of the department. He has resigned here at the local college, his resignation to take effect December 1. He will receive a substantially larger salary in his new work.

The University of Wichita is a municipal college with an enrollment not far short of that of the University of Tennessee at Knoxville. In his new work Dr. Bryant will have an opportunity of genuine challenging proportions.

He has been a member of the faculty here for six years; he is beginning his seventh year of service at the Junior College. During this time he has demonstrated his scholarship and teaching ability and he and Mrs. Bryant have gathered a host of friends who will regret losing them from faculty groups, social circles and the town as a whole.

SHARON STUDENTS LOOK OVER LIBRARY

Eighteen students in the eighth grade of the Sharon Grammar School made a visit to the Junior College Library on the morning of October 18.

The group had just had an introduction to library use in their English course, and wanted to see how an institution larger than their local school sets up its library materials.

The students, accompanied by their teacher, Miss Hunt, came over in their big new school bus.

Former Editor's Letter

How is everything at Martin this year? We were all so glad to see Mr. Meek and all the others up here. All of us really like Knoxville and are anxious for you to get up here, too, but we haven't forgotten the Junior College, and never will—there's no place quite like it. By the way, we'd like to recommend that you take on plenty of vitamins this year, for it really takes the Wim, wigor and vitality to get up all these hills and steps—its grand, though.

There are so many people I'd like to say hello to—Dr. Lindbeck, Mr. McMahan, Mrs. Reed, Mr. Kroll, Miss Billie—I guess I'd just better say that goes for everybody. If anybody has time to write, we'd really like to hear from you.

Colleen Terry.

121 W. Cumberland Avenue.

P. S.—The Volette looks good to us.

Dear Students:

This is a grand place up here, and we are having lots of fun. Everywhere you go, you see someone from the Junior College. I hope to visit you sometime soon.

Sincerely,

Sara Bryson.

1621 W. Cumberland.

Dear Friends:

There are so many on the campus here, but none can compare with the Junior College students.

Yours, Nancy Smith.

Hello Junior College Friends:

We miss you so much, however, it's wonderful here.

Hope to see all of you Christmas. Love, Doris Bell.

Dear Everyone:

We are having fun, but really miss you all. Let me give you a little hint—you had better start training for these hills because they are really hills.

Looking forward to seeing you Christmas. Love, Gene Coben.

MEEK DELEGATE TO CONFERENCE

Paul Meek, executive officer of the Junior College, will serve as delegate, only one of which is sent, from the Martin Methodist Church, when the Memphis Conference meets at Dyersburg on November 10.

REGIONAL LIBRARY SERVICE

The library service of the Tennessee Valley Authority, division of school libraries, of the State Department of Education, and the Junior College will cooperate in extending library service to a number of counties, in the upper Tennessee area of the dam project. Mr. Meek stated, following his return from Knoxville. The enterprise will begin with four counties and will be extended to cover many counties in Tennessee. The Kentucky end of the work will be in the hands of the authorities at Murray, Ky.

Two trained librarians will be employed at an early date, Mr. Meek said. They will work in conjunction with state and county library agencies, in an effort to make available good books in as wide an area as possible.

COACH HUG TO SPEAK AT MEMPHIS MEETING

Coach Paul Hug, who holds the office of president of the Tennessee State Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, will address the Health and Physical Education Department of the Tennessee Education Association, Western Section, in Memphis, November 14.

The subject of Mr. Hug's address will be, "Trends in Physical Education and Health."

KROLL TO ADDRESS MISSISSIPPI CLUBS

H. H. Kroll is scheduled to appear before the district meeting of the literary conference of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Mississippi at their meeting, some time in November, at the University of Mississippi, Oxford. Mr. Kroll will make a series of talks before the group on the practical aspects of novel and short story writing.

NEW INDUSTRIAL ARTS EQUIPMENT

Several thousand dollars worth of new equipment will soon be installed in the Industrial Arts building when it is ready for occupancy, Mr. Meek stated, after his return from Knoxville.

This equipment will consist of lathes and floor stands for same, metal shaper completed; motors and controls; two pedestal grinders; vises, small motors; 10 electric motors; milling attachment.

The addition of this equipment will enable the Junior College to offer Engineering 131 to be offered in agricultural engineering, a new course never before offered because the cost of equipment, for the first time available, has been prohibitive. "We have planned it many years, but only now is the dream coming true," Mr. Meek said.

It will place the industrial arts department in a position to offer trade and industrial work in connection with defense work, Mr. Meek pointed out. The work will be available to men not now in school. It will embrace welding, forging and metal and machine shop.

LIBRARY LEADERS VISIT U. T. JUNIOR COLLEGE

Four of the leading promoters of library development in Tennessee visited the library during the week of October 20 to confer with Paul Meek, Executive Officer, and Mary Vick Burney, College Librarian, on possible ways and means of extending the services of the college.

On Monday, October 20, our guests were Mary U. Rothrock, Supervisor of Library Service, Tennessee Valley Authority, and Clifford Seiber, Principal Educational Officer of the Authority. On the following Wednesday they were Martha M. Parks, Director of School Libraries, State Department of Education, and Marshall Stewart, Supervisor of the Statewide Library Service Program of the WPA.

Miss Burney spent last weekend in Knoxville in the interest of this same project.

MEEK TO KNOXVILLE

After a whole week in Knoxville in connection with Junior College business, Mr. Meek reported a good trip, lots of hard work, and many pleasant visits with old Junior College students. These sent greeting, which appear in other parts of The Volette. "Most of our old students are settled," Mr. Meek said. "Their homesickness is over, their first midterms have been weathered, and they're happy."

MISS SPENCE TAKES POSITION IN ALABAMA

Miss Mary E. Spence, assistant librarian of the University of Tennessee Junior College, has resigned her position to accept a position with Birmingham-Southern College in Birmingham, Ala., her resignation to become effective between November 6th and 20th.

Miss Spence will be in charge of the department of acquisitions and cataloging in the library, which has 52,000 volumes. Birmingham-Southern is an accredited four-year institution with an enrollment of about 1,000 students. Miss Spence has many friends in Martin who are reluctant to see her leave, but who wish her happiness in her new position.

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN CHAIRMAN OF DEPARTMENT

Mary Vick Burney, Librarian of the college, has arranged the program for the Library Department, Tennessee Education Association, Western Section, and will preside at the meeting of the department, November 14 in Memphis.

Subjects to be discussed are: "Recent Books for Children," "The School Library and Classroom Needs," and "The School Library and the Regional Library Program."

ALLEN BOOK REVIEW EDITOR

Among the recent honors falling to faculty members at the Junior College is the appointment of D. C. Allen as book review editor of the Tennessee Speech Journal, published at Chattanooga. Mr. Allen's special task will be that of reviewing all the books which appear in the field of public speaking, dramatics, and related subjects. Mr. Allen has accepted the assignment.

Barnwarmin' November 8th

On November 8 at the stroke of eight, all of the U. T. J. C. lads and lassies will swing out at the annual Barnwarmin'. For ten years, UTJC students have waited anxiously for this outstanding function that is so capably put on by the Ag Club under "Pop" Craven's able leadership.

The gym will be converted into a typical barn for the gala occasion. The decorations carry out the idea with bales of hay, pumpkins, corn stalks, brightly colored paper and balloons. Ssh! Don't tell a soul, but it is rumored that sho' nuff apple cider and gingerbread will be served all through it.

The main event of the night will be the crowning of the King and Queen, which are selected by the student body.

Ray Johnson will hit it solid for all the overalled and gingham-clad lads and lassies to get in the swing (not on the campus, however).

For those who won't dance there will be games and fun galore. So everybody come and make it a huge success. We guarantee you a wonderful time!

P.S.—After you have paid your dollar, everything's free.

NATIVE SWISS YODELERS

The Studes Brothers, those famous native Swiss yodelers, are coming to the University of Tennessee Junior College Monday, November 10 at 1:00 p.m. Their beautiful Swiss folk music is surely to be appreciated by everyone; also the Swiss flag throwing, special Alpine scenic effects. The public is invited.

Dr. Hoskins' Letter

CIVILIAN TECHNICAL CORPS
New York Office
October 23, 1941.

Dr. James D. Hoskins, President University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tennessee.

Dear Sir:

This is to inform you that Harry Kroll, Jr., a former student of the University of Tennessee Junior College, is now enrolled in the Civilian Technical Corps.

This is quite an honor for two reasons:

First, Mr. Kroll was required to pass two examinations. The first was a stiff technical examination, which a large percentage of the men applying fail to pass. After passing his technical examination, which was administered by an officer of the United States Civil Service Commission, he was required to pass a very thorough physical examination. He passed with flying colors in both instances.

Second, the Civilian Technical Corps represents a large group of democracy-loving American technicians. They feel that their help in non-combatant work in England will help defeat Hitler. Furthermore, by learning the art of technical defense in the only post-graduate school they can attend, they can be of great service to their own nation should it, in the near future, have a problem of technical defense. These men may be called back any time they are needed here in our United States for defense work; otherwise they will be in England for three years, or the duration of the war, whichever is the shorter period.

I am sending you this information because I thought you would want to know about one of your

(Continued on page 4)

THOMPSON, NEWELL W., ESQ.

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

It's getting so here lately that every time you take a peek around the campus you see a new face coming in or an old face just disappearing, and so in this time of change I figured I had better grab Newell W. Thompson's map while I had the chance. The young man's the same who takes Ray De Moss's work. I used to have a profound respect for Mr. DeMoss. In my humble judgment he was one of the best men on the faculty. After I got through taking Mr. Thompson's professional pulse I had the feeling it might beat a little stronger even than the man whose place he takes.

Here are the dry, unvarnished facts that some day no doubt will be put in "Who's Who" just about this way: "Thompson, Newell W., born on a farm near Watertown, Tenn., in 1912. Married Lorena Young in 1938. Children, Margaret Louise, two years old this Halloween. (She never knew how close she came to being a pumpkin with a candle in her.) Was graduated from Watertown High School in 1930. B.S. from University of Tennessee at Knoxville

1936. Studied at TPI two years; herd manager of college farm. Herdsman at Beverly Hills Sanitarium, Knoxville; manager Crive-Hall Farm, Nashville, 1932-34." Then there will be the honors of Alpha Zeta and Phi Kappa Phi in his senior year—and others that, numerous they are, will be listed later.

All this dry stuff is only the skeleton of a flesh-and-blood personality that is almost athletic in general contours, and is nicely finished off with dark brown eyes and brown hair, and a kid of—and—wind outdoor color. Maybe not above average height. Mr. Thompson is solidly assembled, and you think of broken records—cow not phonograph—when talking with him.

And the youthful gentleman in question has done a swell job smashing records, too. While at TPI, Mr. Thompson said with both pride and becoming modesty, "we made a national record that still stands—5001 pounds of butterfat from a herd of 15 cows in a given test period." Then, he became a footsore man knocking around try-

ing to lick a panic. He became test-cow milker of pure bred Jerseys at Crive-Hall Farms. He milked three or four times a day. Still pursued by the dark shadow of world's records, one of which Mr. Thompson can knock off almost any time of day or night, he got busy and hung up a few. "Will Onyx Dandy Girl" was put through her paces and made to yield up 846 pounds of butter fat in 305 days—world's record for an aged cow. Not even old age and gray hairs seem immune from Thompson's record-itching fingers. He stripped "Crive Hall's Faith" of another record in mature cow class in 365 days.

He was sparking the lady that later became Mrs. Thompson. He grinned wryly, "I was too busy stripping cows to court my girl." He must have got in a good lick now and then anyway, or else Mrs. Thompson was a sympathetic person.

He also made butterfat record of the cow that was twice grand champion of the national dairy show—"Design's Martina."

(Continued on page 4)

THE VOLETTE

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Friday, October 31, 1941

Someone I Love

By RENE LEE ELROD

When I was just a child of eight, I remember how I used to stand beside mother before the victorian mirror in our living room, as she put last minute touches to her makeup. The prisms of the candelabras on the mahogany table beneath the mirror sent off rainbow-colored lights, that danced on her animated face. I can see her now—a tall, slender woman, so gay and carefree. Her hair was her crowning glory, for it was such an unusual color, a sort of chestnut with red and gold lights in it. As she swirled about in her long dress, she was all the fairy queens I'd read about come to life.

Daddy and mother were always going somewhere then, from dances to the boxing and wrestling matches in Nashville. Mother played golf and rode horseback often, too, and sometimes she took me with her. Her recklessness used to frighten me. When we were at the beaches in Miami, even the lifeguard would look anxiously after her as she passed the safety ropes on out into the deep waves. Once she took me with her, holding me up with one hand and swimming sidwise. The water all around seemed so immense and fathomless that I began crying and begging her to take me back. She did, and I played in the sand the rest of the afternoon.

I remember how proud I used to be of her when she'd come to school to see my teacher about something. While she was talking, she'd smile at me, and I'd turn around in my seat and whisper to those in back, "That's my mother!" She was so young and pretty in comparison to their mothers.

Mother didn't care much for the society that most women indulge in. That is, she didn't like bridge clubs and the idle chatter that went on there. She was a member of The Woman's Club, however, for this gave her access to the club library, and she was exceedingly fond of reading. I don't know which has influenced my love for books more, heredity or environment. I certainly had enough of both.

"Angel" (that's just one of the many nicknames my sister and I have for her) "grew up," so to speak, during the depression. She began to go to Daddy's Vogue Shoppe and learn the business. Later she became indispensable to him, for she gradually assumed most of the responsibility of buying merchandise. She had always had excellent taste, anyway, so she knew what colors and lines to look for.

All this way very hard on her though. We had to give up our regular maid and have one come in only to clean up the house. My sister and I ate lunch in the cafeteria in school, but mother had to fix dinner at night, even though she was exhausted from a day's work at the store. She couldn't stand it at first, and she had a nervous breakdown. We were sent to our grandmother's house then, so I don't remember much about it.

The longest I'd ever been away from her at one time was three months. That was the time I went to school at Tullahoma, Tennessee and lived with my grandmother Elrod. "Angel" wrote me three times a week and sent me chocolate cake and fudge, my favorite desserts, that she, herself made. She was always sending me something new in clothes, too, and I looked forward to the arrival of the postman every day.

When everything began to get dull and uninteresting at home, mother usually packed up, and

off we went on a trip. She had had an interesting life, full of travel, so she wanted us to have the same advantages. She often told us about the time she lived in Washington state on her father's large ranch in the wilderness, and the time she lived in Texas and other states. All these stories increased our desire to travel and see more of the world.

When I was thirteen, mother established a ready-to-wear shop all her own. For three years she did all the work herself—such as buying, selling (except for the help of one inexperienced girl), keeping books and even a janitor's work of making fire in the stove on cold mornings. She got up at 6:30 in the morning and often went back to the store and worked at night. Unlike most executives, who come and go as they please, she wouldn't even come home for lunch and rest the first three or four years. She did all this because she wanted to be independent; and by doing it, she became a success, and her business grew. Instead of dancing, she went walking with me every night, and she expressed all her ideas and views of things to me on those walks. She listened patiently to all my little disappointments and encouraged all my ambitions.

I am eighteen now, and as I stood beside mother at the mirror this morning, I saw her, still tall and slender but with a serene instead of animated face. I watched as she looked angrily at the small streaks of gray in her now brown hair, for the color of her hair has changed completely. She looked, and then she smiled and with a quick stroke, brushed it back from her face. She didn't know why I kissed her twice on her way to work.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE CAMPUS

Have you been wondering about the mounds of gravel here on the Junior College campus? This is the first tangible evidence of quite an extended project which is taking much time and careful planning at the present.

During the past few weeks there has been an engineer here making surveys for the improvement of the walks and drives on the campus. Mr. Charles I. Barber, of Barber and McMurray, architects, Knoxville, and Dr. N. D. Peacock, in general charge of campus planning and beautification for all university property, are planning a visit to the Junior College in regard to the location of the much needed storage building, the laying of the walks, the service drive, and the improvement of the drive around the ellipse along with other improvements which are hoped for in the future.

This has been on the horizon for the past several years and now, due to the hard work and determination of our Executive Officer, its realization is at hand.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mac Osburn going to see Paul. Reed Hall girls staying up after 11:00.

Mary Weilder not writing notes. Adams not giving an EXAM. Rusty not bragging. Dodd House boys being quiet. Tom Prewitt having a family. Parsons jitterbugging. Rusty acting the part of a dead man.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Paul Phillips entertained at their home Saturday evening, October 25, with a steak supper. The steak was cooked on their outdoor furnace. The guests who enjoyed this supper were: Miss Helen Hawkins and her mother, Miss Helen Watson, Mr. J. R. Dean, and Mr. and Mrs. Newell Thompson.

THE BOOK STORE

A. A. U. W.

The State Workers Conference of the American Association of University Women was held at Standing Stone Park, a state park, ten miles north of Livingston, October 10-11. Fifty-one members were present representing eleven chapters within the state.

The first meeting was a banquet held at the lodge, which was decorated with fall flowers and fruits. The members of various branches were presented to the group and songs were sung. The president of the state organization, Mrs. J. H. Hardy, introduced the speaker, the new vice-president of the Southeast Central Region, Dr. Agnes Allen Harris, dean of women University of Alabama. Dr. Harris talked in a most interesting and inspiring way concerning the changes and opportunities for women and the things they may do in the future.

Saturday morning there was a business meeting followed by group discussions held at various points within the park. This was one of the nicest things of all the program. Pictures were made of the various groups by a representative of the park commission.

The sectional meeting will be held at the University of Alabama in April. There is a possibility of having Dr. Harris meet with the local branch in December.

The Martin branch has two members holding state offices; Mrs. Alice Davies, chairman of fellowship, and Miss Billie Caldwell, state treasurer. Miss Caldwell represented the Martin branch at the meeting.

The A. A. U. W. has more than 71,000 members, making up 907 different branches. This is an educational organization founded in 1882. The association admits to national membership only those women who hold an approved degree from an institution on its approved list. This approved list is determined by the national office.

Any woman interested in becoming members of the A. A. U. W. may learn the qualifications necessary for membership by contacting Miss Billie Caldwell, president of the Martin Chapter. Meetings are held the first Tuesday night of every month at 7:30.

THE WESLEY FOUNDATION

The Wesley Foundation Club met in the Administration Building Monday night at 6:45 o'clock. The president, Mark Wilkinson, took charge of the program. Cooper Alexander read the program that consisted of a solo by Ann Seay and a talk by Mr. Allen. The subject of his talk was Christianity. This was an interesting talk, and all that were present enjoyed it.

At this meeting we elected Mark Wilkinson to represent us in a convention at the University of Illinois.

The Wesley Foundation Club planned as their social this quarter to go to the lake. This is planned for November 14th with all members that would like to invite a guest to do so.

The meeting adjourned and was announced to meet again at the regular meeting time.

RECENT NOVEL GIVEN TO COLLEGE LIBRARY

Mrs. Charles Prather of Union City, has presented a copy of Dorothy Canfield Fisher's novel, "Seasoned Timber," to the Junior College Library.

The story centers around the dilemma of Timothy Hulme, principal of a poor academy in rural Vermont, and the problem he faces when a wealthy graduate leaves the school a million dollars, provided certain undemocratic policies are adopted. The while village takes sides, and in the novel on the burning and timely theme which the author has chosen. Mrs. Fisher relates the individual role of every American citizen to the large, confusing, tragic pattern of world-wide politics of today.

MRS. KNEPP HONORED

Due to the thoughtfulness of old and new neighbors, Mrs. Earl Knepp was the honoree at a surprise housewarming on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Gathering at the appointed hour, kind friends arrived en masse upon Mrs. Knepp, who had recently moved into her spacious new home on Poplar street. An afternoon of gay fun was quickly spent, during which both real and "fake" gifts were showered upon Mrs. Knepp. Need-

less to say, the real ones consisted of attractive and useful household articles, necessary in every home. Mrs. Edward Cosgrove had baked a lovely cake, and others had contributed home-made grapejuice, so that even the refreshments were magically provided. Neighbors participating in this party were Mesdames Moody Stoker, L. C. Giles, J. D. Morris, Eva Lavelace, Thos. Vowell, Paul Clark, Carl Bowden, Butler, E. Cosgrove, Arthur Pope, D. C. Allen, B. F. Farrar.

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CONFETTI

"Pickwick" and Oebow were doing all right Hallowe'en night. I is too bad but all the girls rooming in Reed Hall have broken hearts and that is the main subject.

No wonder Mary Evelyn Smith is so "tiny." She really doesn't eat enough—or maybe Economics has got her down.

Cason Nickels seems to have caught cold while waiting in the rain for Dixie and Max to return. Something was said about cute boys in Blackman Hall the other night. "Oh, well five of them will do, but we still have a mutual, don't we Dorothy?" replied Margaret Woody.

What's that I hear about someone walking home with Sarah Bell after the masquerade ball? It's getting serious I bet.

What's this about Joe Spencer hanging around the dining hall every night? Just for a little Toddy he says.

Mrs. Gardner baked 200 biscuits for the dirty dozen the other night.

Wonder why Papa Fuller does not shave these days. Is it because of the cold weather, or is he saving razor blades for national

defense?

Wonder what was in the barrel that the College Inn boys smuggled upstairs Monday night? Marilyn Shannon has a new "crush." He's cute gal.

Flash: Parsons split his tongue in order to—What do you think about Coach?

From all I gather, that little Wilder gal has checked a ceratin green Ford convertible off Sunday. What about that, Mary?

This Squire and the little woman business is getting to be an accepted fact. What about that, Pud? cepted fact. What about that, Pud?

Tony Culp is "flying high." How about that little girl who works "way up" in the library?

What girl in Reed's Dormitory marked out last Sunday night to go to League and town with a certain boy who didn't know anything about it? Keep trying, Dixie. Nice going Mac.

Warp Mangum broke down and got a haircut.

"Sam" Caldwell likes to lose bets and not pay them. Now, Sam. Tish! Tish!

Ray Pastor is gettiss a lot of mail lately.

The Rose Kilian Circus

By MYRTLE KILIAN

Rose Kilian was born in Chicago, Illinois. She and her four children, three daughters and one son, began their professional career by doing an acrobatic act, dancing and trapeze with the Show Boat. They continued with the company for two or three seasons.

The family was with the Great American Circus in the summer, fall and winter of 1900. They played vaudeville. In 1901 they went with the McDonald Brothers Wagon Show. From Huntington, West Virginia, they tried a boat show for two seasons. They bought a boat show of their own, but did not have a way to get it down the river. So, they went with the Haag Circus to save enough money to buy a barge. This barge was going to pull the boat. While they were showing in Memphis the boat sank. The family escaped, but the clothing, costumes, family pictures, a piano, and all the other possessions of the family were lost.

The act was then engaged for several season by John Robinson Circus, Haag Show and possibly one other circus. In 1907 when they had saved enough money, the Kilians started a small family circus of their own. At the beginning they had only six wagons. All the children played in the band and continued to do an acrobatic act as well as to do a wire, pony, trapeze and clowning act. Later other acts were added until they had a show with twenty-two wagons, playing most of the southern states. The show made Louisiana, Florida, Southern Georgia, Alabama and other southern states in the winter. In the summer they played Tennessee, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Mississippi.

In the mountains of Kentucky, in wagon show days, the show would only show in the day time. There was not much law enforcement. The people were so rough in the different states that it was impossible to show at night. They would cut the side wall, guy lines and steal everything that they could get their hands on. Times have changed now. Good roads and automobiles have put the small shows off the road.

When the roads improved trucks and automobiles replaced the wagons. Two of the daughters married and left the Kilian Show to go with other shows. One of these was featured as a bareback rider with Ringling Brothers for several season. The third daughter stayed with the Kilian Circus as a horseback rider and acrobat. In 1924 she also left to be with her husband who was a band leader in northern Ohio. They had married while he was playing with the circus. The son married in 1921. The circus was showing in a little town in Tennessee. Her father came by to sell some hay to the show. As there were no boys in the family, the daughter delivered the hay. The Kilian's son came to see her three times from nearby towns and they were married. She often tells him he married her because she was a truck driver.

Only Mrs. Kilian and her son were left of the family to continue the circus. During the depression years taxes on circuses were very high, expenses were heavy and money was scarce. In 1930 the show closed. Haag bought the animals and the rest of the circus. At that time there were, I think, only about three shows that were able to continue. They were Ringling Brothers, Cole Brothers, Haag and possibly one other. Haag is not on the road now. Like the Kilian Circus, it has closed.

There are many words and expressions that are peculiar to circus life. "Hey Rube" is the signal the circus people give when there is trouble and they need help from each other. For instance, one time in a town some rough miners began cutting the side wall canvas with knives and walking in, using abusive language and disturbing in other ways. When two

by fours began to sail through the air, some one of the circus yelled the signal "Hey Rube." This meant for everyone to fight until they were cleared out. It was not necessary to give this signal when the law was enforced.

The circus people have a magazine which they call "The Billboard." The circus people call it "The Chump Educator."

The lion cage caught on fire one time. Once the show people were ferrying the Tennessee River at Scottsboro, Ala. The circus had three trucks and one sleeper on the ferry. When it was about halfway across the river, the boat sprang a leak, by the time the boat got to the other side, the last truck was driven off, and the boards of the ferry boat were floating down the river.

One of the daughters passed away in 1927. Mrs. Kilian died in the fall of 1936.

LEFTOVERS FROM REED HALL

By FEARLESS

The dormitory has begun to calm down after the blast, which should be recorded in history, that occurred last Sunday. Margie Haley had poised her dainty foot to descend the stairs. Oops! she slipped and made a three-point landing strictly on the solid side.

We are happy to announce to the Honorable John Parran that he has taken the spotlight in conversation over at Reed Hall. Our sympathy is with you Chicken.

Cornelia Gladhill and Ruth Philipps seem to be possessed with that extraordinary ability of keeping their roommates from that much needed sleep. They really have an unusual giggle.

All wishing to see the beaming countenance of an "unusual guy" go down and view the life-size portrait displayed by Wanda Maloney.

A deep gloom settled over the dormitory Tuesday, when its occupants were denied the view of Mary King Webb's lovely profile. The substantially hung curtains fell and hid her completely from our sight.

Mrs. Reed has discovered that Mary Bailey and arah Matthews are so ferocious that she deems it wise for safety to put the "Beware of Dog" sign on the door.

Why couldn't we all have roommates like Sue Ferrel? Instead of people with the silly giggles.

We were all reminded of the commandment that says, "Thou shalt not kill" last Monday afternoon, when the Franks sisters deliberately pounced upon a poor un-defiliated spider and completely annihilated it from the face of the earth.

Jamie Lawler and Mary Ellen Lowe are very definitely developing a decided egotism over that measly slip of paper that simply stated the room looked nice.

NOTICE TO WALTER HIGGS
We, the residents of Reed Hall, wish to express to you our sincere appreciation for the second edition of your picture in Mary Helen Logan's room. We do indeed receive an inspiration on every instance in which we are obliged to behold your beautiful face.

Shhh?!!

The Dairy Lab porch is a good place to keep out of the rain. How about it R. A. and Mohon?

Gentry doesn't know whether it is his face or head he is supposed to shave.

A dozen or more of the boys took a northern trip Thursday night. They returned within the hour?

We understand there was a dance at Union City last week. How about it Doc. Mohon, and Nunnally?

Wonder why Kirkpatrick's bed fell in. Someone said Rusty sat down on it.

Do you know what Archie's ambition is. Now girls, here's your chance. He wants to date every girl in school at least once. How about that?

Mohon had a calf halter on Nunnally the other day, leading him around. He said he couldn't distinguish between him and a calf, until R. S. said "You're faded."

Student Christian Association Meets

The Student Christian Association met in the auditorium of the Administration Building on October 28. The meeting was opened with a song, after which Reverend Thomas, professor of Christian Education at Bethel College and pastor of the Martin Presbyterian Church, introduced the speaker, Joe King, a full-blooded Choctaw Indian, who is now attending Bethel College. Mr. King spoke on the "American Indian."

He said, "There are now two hundred and twenty-two tribes within the boundaries of the United States, and no people have loved this Mother Earth as the Indians loved it and love it still."

He told us of some of the treaties made between the United States and Indian nations. Again and again these treaties were violated by the government. It is no wonder that Indian warfare smoldered or blazed along the western frontier. From a life of peace and freedom to a compulsory school attendance was too much for the Indian. He could not help but sense a feeling of hatred for the Indian agents who came and took him off to school. A strict military discipline was practiced in the schools—a repression, instead of opportunity for expression. Because of these conditions, the Indians were not educated nor Americanized as the government had planned Indian initiative and resourcefulness were discouraged and destroyed.

"The Indian as a picturesque element in our national history is familiar, but the Indian in need of our sympathetic understanding has often been overlooked."

With the advent of the Roosevelt administration there came the Indian Reorganization Act. The new policy set about to protect tribal life of the Indians. This project has been carried out, and the Indian is ready to take the final step toward his complete rehabilitation, toward modern culture.

"He is on the verge of economic independence. He is steadily gaining in the social and political ladder. Yet, what of his spiritual side of life? Is it parallel with his economic, social and political life? The answer is NO. There is a definite lack of spiritual growth in the life of the Indian people. While he is on the peace path, while he is ready and willing to heed, will the church supply this need, this all-important need? The possibility for the church to evangelize the Indian people is great and challenging. Will the church accept this challenge for the true American minority to develop into a complete and well-rounded life?"

After finishing his talk Mr. King answered questions concerning Indian life and customs.

The meeting was dismissed by Rev. Eugene Morris.

EDUCATORS WILL MEET

Superintendent C. H. Cole is announcing a meeting of the Gibson County Education Association Thursday in the auditorium at Peabody High School in Trenton. M. D. Barron of Dyer will preside. Mr. Barron was elected president of the association by the Executive Committee to fill the unexpired term of Elnis Sims, who left the county superintendent of schools in Middleton, Tenn.

Prof. J. Paul Phillips, head of the Department of Psychology at the University of Tennessee Junior College at Martin, will make the principal address.

BUSINESS TRIP TO KNOXVILLE

Paul Meek, executive officer of the Junior College, has been present at Knoxville the early part of the current week on general business pertaining to the Junior College. Mr. Meek returned Wednesday. His visit had to do with building plans on the campus, possibly discussion concerning the resignation of faculty people, and routine seasonal business of the Junior College.



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He's In the Army Now

Jackson, Mississippi,
35th Air Base Squadron
36th Air Base Group

Editor The Volette,
U. T. Junior College,
Martin, Tennessee.

Dear Ed:

This is an official notice that I will not be with the students this year, but never a day passes without yours truly wishing that Sam would give the Army back to the Indians or wherever it came from, and let same yours truly report for classes at the Junior College.

Eddie, if you can find a blank space in your paper, please print my address and beg somebody to write the news of the college. And, Ed, if it isn't too much to ask of a fellow as busy as you must be trying to "keep the jam on the lower shelf so the short man can watch it", you might send me some old copies of your fine paper that some freshman has thrown away (thinking it was one of Mr. Allen's history exams). I will answer all cards, letters, or clippings. I have witnessed two crashes since I have been here, and I could give a very detailed account of my first trip "upstairs." Will you do all of this for me Ed?

Ed, you should make it your business to see that the students all turn out for the football games. Those fellows out there really appreciate support, and the team will need plenty to lick the stronger colleges. But the boys can do the job. I'm placing my money on them. What money?

Ed, just one more thing, tell all of the Sophs hello and to do a swell job this year. So long, Ed. Cecil Raymond Robertson.

SNOOPER

Shipley gaining weight by buying a quart of milk at a time. Nickols needs some Nashville medicine. He has rheumatism on Sunday nights.

Watch out girls, Billy Bob Arnold is bad about collecting class rings.

We're all waiting in suspense to see what girls fight in the tournament over Cactus.

Does Cactus really give jitterbugging lessons? Well ask Marion.

Wonder when Joe Mann and Robbie McCullough are getting married???

A certain boy calls Martha Toddy every night. Do you think you will ever win Joe Mann?

How is the hacket over in your new apartment, Snider?

Why does Mack Osborne make a trip to the library every Monday and Thursday night?

Wonder what attraction keeps Lawler in the dining hall after meals. Could it be the waitress with the new bracelet.

I wonder why Mr. Dean was dancing with Miss Watson at the masquerade ball the other night.

Earl K.: You wouldn't stand a certain girl up any more, would you?

Wonder how Ira Long became such a grand dancer.

Can't Wick decide which Margaret he likes the best? When you call and ask for Margaret, which one should we get for you? Both?

Oswald Thomas had a "grand" time in Knoxville. Have you heard about his trip home?

Say, Amy what did Stover tell you Sunday night?

Was supper the only reason why Naomi Lindsay was in the American Cafe Sunday night? Or could it have been because Gene Farris

was in there?

Say, Ruth Hynds, where did we see your old heart throb Sunday night, and who could the other girl have been? Eh, Margaret Shoaf???

Lib Beckled didn't waste much time getting home after her boy friends from home called her up last Thursday. Who blames her though? He was in the hospital.

Who is the fastest man on the campus? William Rust or Mack Osborn?

Who broke out the light in the grove? And it was so useful too.

The dirty dozen at the Gardner house has been decreased by one.

Wonder what the trouble is?

Who are these boys who go around at night calling the girls in the dormitories?

Ruth Hynds seems to like the name Fred, but his last name is not always Maddox or rather it wasn't Sunday night.

Tom Pruitt is making the rounds. Miss Burkeen was the lucky gal Sunday night.

That Moore boy from the county seat was waiting for some "little Jane" at the Wash's Boarding House Sunday night.

Eldridge Bruce is going to give somebody blood poisoned if he isn't careful who he bites.

Who is Mary Wilder's secret love?

Someone ask Billy Ross who is the "best little waitress in the dining hall."

DR. HOSKINS' LETTER

(Continued from page 1)

former students.

Sincerely yours,

J. Murray Mitchell,

American Advisor.

P.S.: Messages may be sent to Mr. Kroll in care of the Civilian Technical Corps, 1415 Pine Avenue West Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

Thompson, Newel W.

(Continued from page 1)

"Herbert Farrell, who owned Crive Hall Farms, was the son-in-law of C. T. Cheek, of Maxwell House coffee fame," Mr. Thompson said, "One day he came—it was during the banking holiday, I remember—and called all the herd boys together. We had the leading Jersey herd in the United States at the time. He gave us our checks and said, 'Boys, they're not worth the paper they are written on. But here they are.'" This from a man who is reputed to have received nine million dollars for his share of Maxwell House coffee.

So, if some one were to ask, the cream went off Maxwell House coffee.

The fine herd was soon broken up at auction.

"One hundred nine animals brought an average of \$659 at the dispersal sale," Mr. Thompson went on. He shed a tear to see old record friends going. It wasn't all bad. "I had a choice of jobs all over the country because of our records."

I asked, "How many did you turn down?"

"I considered three seriously," Mr. Thompson said. "I finally accepted herdsman at TVA, Norris, Tenn."

In October, 1934 Mr. Thompson went to Knoxville to resume his studies in the College of Agriculture. This was when he worked at Beverly Hills. "I had the same cows, or daughters of the same cows I had at Nashville," he said.

It was like an uncle returning to a lost family. He continued at work there until June 1938. Then he took a job as farm and dairy superintendent at the Aluminum Company of America at Alcoa, Tenn. Between his junior and senior year he was awarded the Danforth Fellowship of two weeks research in the mills and offices of Ralston Purina Mills at St. Louis and two weeks in American Youth Foundation at Shelby, Mich. The award is made on basis of scholarship, leadership, character, and initiative.

"I also received the Purina Bowl for the outstanding senior in dairy husbandry at the University of Tennessee," he said.

"Do you drink out of it?" I asked.

"No, but my wife keeps flowers in it," he laughed.

"Got any plans for bequeathing it to your progeny?" I asked.

"No—no plans," he said.

So I asked after hobbies. "Photography and insects," Mr. Thompson smiled. He used to collect rocks for geology but in West Tennessee will abandon that, he thinks.

"I like the Kroll novel I read," Mr. Thompson said, and immediately your interviewer grew alert. "I reported on your 'Cabin in the Cotton' in one of Mr. Farrar's English classes while at Big U. T. I like it fine."

So his stock moved to a high peg with Kroll—naturally.

"I had English and American literature and public speaking with Mr. Farrar also," Mr. Thompson said.

So he seemed to have known the gist of the English department before he ever reached the Junior College.

I asked why he got into teaching after such a successful career as a record breaker, and Mr. Thompson said seriously, "I had gone as far as I could in practical field work. Dean Jacob and Prof. Wylie of the College of Agriculture at Big U. T. sold me to the idea of educational work. I wanted a master's degree. I had 17 farms under me at Alcoa, 3400 acres. I had seven families of share-croppers." When I asked him what he thought of share-croppers he said, "Get one that's awake, and there's no stopping him. Catch one that's asleep, and there's no waking him."

Then of course the inevitable question, "How do you like Martin, how do you like your work?" and the equally inevitable answers, "Fine. I miss the rocks and hills of East Tennessee. But the people here are sociable and friendly and the students are above the men-

talities I had expected."

I was left with a total impression of quiet power and an idea that there was a man who is going places, and I don't mean maybe.

CONFIDENTIALLY

Why does Lawrence Estes like his table at the dining hall so well? Could it be because Marjorie Fuqua eats there? I don't know but Lawrence might tell you.

Why was the bench on the dining hall porch on the left side of the door Monday morning? For information see Ralph Lawler and Rosa Grigsby.

We wonder where James A. Johnson was Monday, October 27 during his physical education class.

Why was it that the Indian man and his date did not win the King and Queen after spending two hours at the beauty shop?

We wonder why Totty and Spenser talk so much in English. Is this a new case?

Miss Legg likes to judge hens. She even knows how to hold them.

Why is it that all the boys of U. T. are so sleepy?

We wonder who the girl was that Grover was showing over the campus last Sunday.

Why does Billy Taylor go home every week-end? Is it because he's homesick, or is it because he can't forget that home town girl?

What girl does that Matthews boy keep walking around with?

Mr. Kroll wants to know who put those two mice in his waste basket. When he dumped them out in the yard there were five mice.

Marjorie Fuqua you may start a fight some day between Gentry and Dalton Wesson. Dalton after supper and Gentry later—sucker.

Douglas Boardman certainly does like "Goldie Locks" doesn't he?

The telephone at the Henderson House is certainly busy. Deaton calling Poindexter.

Why doesn't Doc have any spending money lately? Could be Parson-Dodd collected all the cards and bones.

What business has Fred Gelzer at home every week-end? How about it Fred?

Martha Lynn Caldwell says she likes school. Wonder why????

Some of the Romeos and Juliets around here should pick more secluded spots for their wooing.

Why does Arthur Alexander go home every week-end? Is there a girl involved?

Ask Martha Mae if she stopped in Nashville on the trip to Knoxville. Does she know anyone who goes to Vanderbilt and plays end on the freshman football team?

Dixie needs a calendar to keep up with her dates.

We wonder why Brown Hopper likes peaches so well.

Gibson never forgets a class assignment—just ask the teacher (Dr. Lindbeck).

We wish Clendenin would tell us the secret of charming girls. (Wavy hair no doubt).

Callis pays close attention to the waitresses at the dining hall, one especially.

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